

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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It is at length certain that a theatre will be opened in the metropolis during the present season for the performance of English opera. Mr. John Barnett, in conjunction with Mr. Morris Barnett, has determined on staking heavily at the game of hazard which now seems identified with theatrical management, and is about to try his fortune with English operas at the Prince's Theatre as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed. That a composer should thus be compelled, on behalf of himself and his brethren, to step out of his legitimate field of action and, in addition to the labour of writing operas, saddle himself with all the fatigue, care, and annoyance of bringing them out, appears an odd solution of the difficulty in which the musical drama is placed; still, we think, it is the only one that offered itself under present circumstances. Operatic feeling has become lazy, so to speak, for want of use;—it needs a fillip administered by some strong hand to rouse it from torpor to activity; and nothing seems so likely to effect this resuscitation as the energetic exertions of some musician who, like Mr. Barnett, has the sorest remembrances of managerial attempts on his own works, and, therefore, the heartiest purpose of exterminating the evils by which he has suffered. We can only regret that a step so vigorous and decisive should have been left to one individual. We would rather have hailed it as a demonstration of unanimous feeling by our young composers in general, who have a common cause, and therefore should have testified, otherwise than by words, their common interest. A speculation, however, thus undertaken, in the teeth of prejudices, croakings, lukewarmness, and even opposition whence least it could have been anticipated, speaks volumes for the personal firmness and resolute purpose of Mr. Barnett's character. While others have been content to deplore an evil, he has busily sought out the remedy—while others have sat with an open-mouthed trust in fate for the performance of their works, he has taken a

VOL. XIV.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VII.

Q

theatre and plunged into the midst of all the engagements and responsibilities necessary to secure the desired result.

It is quite needless to say that we, and all interested in the progress of English musical art, must wish Mr. Barnett's undertaking the completest success; but this will depend entirely on the skill and tact with which he exercises his managerial functions. Unfortunately the English public has but little of that exclusive home-feeling which renders the announcement of a native work an *open sesame* to good fortune. Much on the contrary, the people of London can be savagely critical on what they deem the faults of English music, while they plume themselves on rapturously applauding the absurdities which, as "compositions" are imported from Italy. They treat their own operas as they do the architectural beauties of their own capital, but are profoundly expatiative on the superiority of everything they hear and see at the cost of foreign travel. Under these circumstances if natural disadvantage, careless or niggardly management at the Prince's Theatre will not have a merely negative result—judging from experience, it will secure total failure. That which the play-goers would, by love of fashion, applaud in a foreign theatre, they would, by force of habit, unhesitatingly condemn in an English one. On no one ought this truth to be more keenly impressed than on Mr. Barnett;—he has often suffered from its effects under other managements, and therefore will doubtless strive to counteract it in his own. With the engagement of all the most efficient principal singers, and with that sedulous attention to the band and chorus which, under such management, will not fail to be employed, the *ensemble* produced in the performances at the Prince's Theatre *ought* to be excellent, and under such circumstances we cannot entertain a doubt as to the successful issue of the undertaking. We do most sincerely hope that Mr. Barnett's efforts will not be cramped by any of those unnecessary displays of jealousy and self-importance to which singers are usually too prone;—absurd as are such bickerings under ordinary circumstances of management, they would be centuply discreditable in the present case. Mr. Barnett is about to leave the quiet of his study for a life of severe risk and anxiety, with the simple purpose of making one more struggle in behalf of English opera, and it would therefore be a mixture of ingratitude and folly in those connected with his theatre—and who, unless by his means, would probably remain unemployed—to thrust their trivial vanities in the way of his discipline, and thus frustrate those plans on which, only, can a successful campaign be founded.

The arrangements are at present sufficiently settled to enable us to state that Mr. Barnett's new opera will be the first production, and that Mr. Macfarren's opera, *The Evil One*, will probably succeed it.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XII.

DR. GREENE.

MAURICE GREENE, the son of a clergyman of London, was born at the end of the seventeenth century, and received his first instructions in singing from King, and on the pianoforte and organ from Brind. When Handel came to London, he contrived to insinuate himself into his good graces; and the desire to hear this great master as often as possible, and when he played alone, induced him even to blow the bellows for him for hours together. He thus had the best opportunity to improve his own playing. In 1716, when not yet twenty years old, he got the place of organist at St. Dunstan's in the West, on the recommendation

of his uncle, who was a member of the lawyer's college; and in the succeeding year, and after Purcell's death, that of St. Andrew's, at Holborn, was added. When his former instructor, Brind, died, he exchanged these two minor offices for that of organist to St. Paul's church.

He had already, before this time, given proof of his talents as a composer; and in 1714, a play of his, called *Love's Revenge*, was brought out. He now devoted himself still more zealously to composition, writing many lessons for the harpsichord, concertos for the same, a *Te Deum*, many anthems, catches, canons, cantatas, sonatas, quartettos, organ fugues, &c. He participated actively in almost all the greater musical performances, and became a member of the Academy of Ancient Music. This brought him into connection with Buononcini, whose friendship he courted; thereby forfeiting, however, that of Handel, whose violent and jealous antagonist Buononcini was, and which he very well knew. But it would appear that he only feigned a friendship for Buononcini, in order to make himself acquainted with his foibles, and with more certainty to prepare his fall; for as soon as Buononcini had published his famous madrigal, "*In una siepe ambrosa*," he was the first to bring it into the Academy of Ancient Music, and thus to prepare the way for his defeat.

This behaviour, however, made him many enemies; so much so, that he was obliged to leave the academy, and to collect an orchestra for himself, with which he used to give concerts on his own account, in the saloon of the Devil's Cellar, so called. In 1730 he was made Doctor of Music at Cambridge, and Professor of this art in the place of Tudway. The exercise which he produced on this occasion consisted of Pope's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, in an edition corrected and enlarged by the author himself.

Being very gentlemanly in his exterior, Greene had access to all the houses where music was valued, and thus succeeded in being elected, after Dr. Croft's death, organist and composer of the Chapel Royal. Nevertheless, his talent was by no means very pre-eminent, and especially not a very productive one; and feeling this himself, he may have been led by it to his great jealousy of Handel's fame. This jealousy seemed, after Buononcini had left England, to have grown so great as to actuate all his operations. In order to shine by the side of Handel, he turned reformer of church music, and published forty anthems of his own composition. These being, however, composed more after the elegance of opera music than according to the dignity and solemnity of the church style, and therefore not obtaining that reputation which he aimed at, he confined his operations to the correction of pieces already existing, and which had been either spoiled in copying, or by careless printing: in the hope of thus attaining his object more slowly but surely. An annual income of 700*l.*, inherited from his uncle, made him altogether independent, and at liberty to carry out his favourite plan at his own leisure. But he had brought out but a few services and anthems in score, when, on the 1st September, 1755, death called him away from this work; which was afterwards continued by his friend and pupil, Dr. Boyce.

Dr. Greene deserves to be placed in the highest rank of our musical writers for the church, notwithstanding the disparaging terms in which Burney and other critics, have spoken of his compositions. Burney's praise is faint while he dwells upon the faults of Greene's style—his divisions, repetitions of the same passage a note higher or a note lower, and shakes. And Mr. Mason, in his "*Essay on Church Music*," says that Dr. Croft "was the first composer who gave in to the defect of long and intricate divisions, and unnecessary, if not improper, repetitions of parts of the melody," and that Dr. Greene carried this fault to a greater excess. It is difficult to imagine how Mr. Mason could have stumbled on the assertion that Dr. Croft was the *first* composer who gave in to the defect of long and intricate divisions. The use of such divisions was a prevailing fault before the times of Croft and Green; and, in giving in to it, which they certainly did to some extent, these composers merely conformed with the taste of the time. Neither of them indulged in it to a greater degree than Handel did; and, as in his case, their best compositions, and those which will live the longest, are nearly or wholly free from it. From Burney's observations on Greene's anthems, he appears not to have examined those on which the composer's reputation chiefly

rests. The full anthem for four voices, "Lord, let me know mine end," which Burney never mentions, is not surpassed, we believe, by anything in the whole range of cathedral music. The opening movement is deeply pathetic; and, though a profound and masterly fugue on two subjects, is as flowing and unconstrained as if written in simple counterpoint. The verse which follows, for two treble voices, "For man walketh in a vain shadow," is of the purest melody, and contains several exquisite touches of feeling; and the concluding chorus, "And now, O Lord, what is my hope," breathes the most earnest supplication. This beautiful anthem speaks a language which time can neither obscure nor enfeeble. Similar in merit, though opposite in character, is the two-part anthem, "O give thanks;" which, too, is not noticed by Burney. It has the same truth of expression, though its accents are those of joy, chastened by devotion; and the divisions which are introduced in one of the solos are not inconsistent with the character of the movement.

Had Burney's attention been directed to these, and many other anthems which he appears to have overlooked, he never could have said that, as to invention and design, Dr. Greene seldom soars above mediocrity. Even in his solo anthems, where the faults of his age are most apparent, the melody is generally admirable, frequently reminding us of the German and Italian composers of a later period. In the two-part anthem, "O God of my righteousness," the treble solo, "I will lay me down in peace," has all the tranquil sweetness, and graceful smoothness of melody, with which Haydn would have treated the subject.

Dr. Greene composed a good deal of secular music, consisting of cantatas, songs, &c. His duet, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly" and several of his songs, are still kept in remembrance.

GLUCK.

(Continued from page 216.)

The following anecdotes are related by M. Corancez:—"I one day asked M. Gluck why, not being a musician, his works so drew my attention, that, during their performance, I could not bear the slightest interruption; and why, on the contrary, all other operas given before his time appeared cold and monotonous; and why, above all, in these operas, all the melodies appeared to resemble each other? 'That proceeds,' said he, 'from a single circumstance, which is, in fact, a very capital one. Before I set to work my first care is to strive to forget that I am a musician. I forget myself in order to see only my personages. The contrary defect unhappily poisons all the art, the end of which is the imitation of nature. The poet, from not knowing how or not wishing to forget himself, writes a series of words, which are not really without beauties, but which weaken the action because they are against common sense. The painter desires to improve nature, he becomes false; the actor endeavours to declaim, he becomes cold; the musician seeks to be brilliant, he produces satiety and disgust. The pieces which you believe to resemble each other are not similar; you would not so designate them if you were a musician; you would not only see in them great beauties, but often beauties which would render you indulgent in spite of yourself. This does not however detract from the force of your observation, for if they appear to resemble each other, it arises from want of effect.'

"A piece from *Iphigénie en Aulide* was one day sung at my house, '*Peuvent ils ordonner qu'un père*.' I perceived that in the first verse '*Je n'obeirai, point à cet ordre inhumain*,' there was a long note on the *Je* the first time it was pronounced, and a short note when the same *Je* was repeated. I observed to M. Gluck that this prolonged note in the melody was disagreeable to me, and I was the more astonished at it, as employing it the first time and not the second made it appear that he himself did not attach much value to it.

"'Had that long note,' said he, 'which annoyed you so much at your own house, the same effect at the theatre?' I replied in the negative. 'Well,' he replied, 'you may be content with that answer, and as I am not always with you, I beg you to make it whenever a similar case occurs. When I have suc-

ceeded at the theatre, I have gained the end I propose; it ought to concern me little, and in fact so it does, to be found agreeable either in the chamber or the concert. If you have been in the habit of observing that good concert-music has no effect in a theatre, it is according to the nature of things that good theatrical music will not often succeed in a concert. With respect to the long note upon *Je*, the first time that *Agamemnon* speaks, remember that this prince is placed between two strongly opposing powers—nature and religion; nature at last overcomes him; but before he pronounces this terrible word of disobedience to the gods he ought to hesitate; my long note constitutes the hesitation; but this word once pronounced, let him repeat it as often as he will—there is no longer room for hesitation; the long note would then only be a fault in prosody.

"Another time I asked him why the air expressing the rage of *Achilles*, in the same opera of *Iphigenia*, caused in me a general shuddering, and put me as it were into the situation of the hero himself; whilst if I sang it myself, far from finding anything terrible or menacing in the air, I perceived on the contrary only a melodious and agreeable progression? 'You must,' said he, 'first allow that music is a very limited art, particularly in the department called melody. One seeks in vain, in the combination of notes which compose a melody, a character peculiar to certain passions; there exists no such character. The composer has the resource of harmony, but that is often insufficient. In the piece of which you speak, all my magic consists in the nature of the melody which precedes it, and in the choice of the instruments which accompany it. You had for some time heard nothing but the tender regrets of *Iphigenia* and the adieux of *Achilles*; the flutes and the lugubrious sound of the horns there make the greatest figure. It is not astonishing if the ear thus soothed, struck suddenly by the piercing sound of all the military instruments united, should experience an extraordinary sensation, a sensation which, in truth, it was my duty to produce, but which nevertheless draws its principal force from an effect purely physical.'

"It cannot be said that he had not prepared these great effects, and that he had not foreseen their success. It is well-known that in presenting the part of the Danish knight, in *Armida*, to Larrivee, he said to him, 'I expect of your complaisance that you will undertake this part, which, from its contracted extent, is beneath your powers; but there is one verse which I hope will alone repay you; this verse is *Notre general vous rappelle*.' Larrivee was not afterwards able to reproach M. Gluck with a breach of his word.

"He was one day playing on his piano the part in *Iphigenia en Tauride*, where *Orestes*, left to himself in prison, after having experienced his accustomed agitation, throws himself on a bench, saying, '*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*.' Some one present thought they observed a contradiction in the bass, which prolonged the preceding agitation; they mentioned it to M. Gluck, adding, '*Orestes* is calm, he says so.' 'He lies,' exclaimed Gluck, 'he mistakes calm for the exhaustion of his organs, but the fury is always there (striking his breast), he has killed his mother.'

"I one day took my son, yet a child, to a performance of *Aleste*. I had instructed him on the foundation of the subject. He did not cease to cry, and alleged that he could not help it. I mentioned it to M. Gluck as an extraordinary effect. He replied, 'that does not astonish me—he does not restrain himself.'

"It has been seen that Gluck never abused the art he professed; he had studied it too deeply; he knew moreover that the ear is easily fatigued, and once weary, no effect must be calculated upon. For this reason he as often as was possible reduced all the subjects he undertook into the three acts. He desired that all the parts should be allied to each other, and should yet present such variety that the spectator might arrive at the end without perceiving his attention to be captivated. He consequently had a style peculiar to himself. He often told me (these are his own words) that he begun by making the tour of each act; then that of the whole piece, which he always composed in the middle of the pit; and that his work combined, and its parts characterised, he considered it as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation generally cost him a year, and often a severe illness, and this, said he, is what many people call '*making songs*.'"

SIGNOR DRAGONETTI AND THE COMMITTEE OF THE HULL FESTIVAL.

It would appear either that festival committees are bad managers, or that musical artists are among the most slippery and uncertain folks to deal with in the whole creation. Scarcely a festival transpires without some misunderstanding between the contracting parties, which, being fed by all manner of paper missives, waxes hotter and hotter, until, at last, it explodes in a general row. Precisely this has been the case between Sig. Dragonetti and the Hull committee; but on a question so clear that it might be supposed totally incapable of sustaining any grounds of disagreement. The whole of this long business when made short amounts to this:—Sir George Smart offered Signor Dragonetti fifty guineas for his attendance at Hull, being the sum accepted by him at the previous festival in that place. Signor Dragonetti again accepted the offer; but, hearing that the number of performances were to be seven instead of five, as heretofore, *left an advance of his terms to the generosity of the committee.* In this state matters remained until Signor Dragonetti thought fit to obliterate his engagement by making a demand of ten guineas extra. This the committee declined to accede to, and threw their case upon the public, whereupon Signor Dragonetti did the like, and thus commenced the usual paper conflict attendant on such proceedings.

No quibble can be raised about the validity of the engagement, since the following letter is quite satisfactory:—

"Signor Dragonetti's compliments to Sir George Smart, and he begs to accept the offer of fifty guineas for the intended musical festival at Hull in October next; for which terms he is also willing to play one duet or trio with Mr. Lindley, if requested to do so.

"He wishes to observe, however, that although the terms offered are the same as he received at the Hull festival in 1834, yet the number of performances he believes is *not* the same; and it appears to Signor Dragonetti that, if the performances be *increased*, the terms ought also to be increased in fair and just proportion. He, therefore, leaves it to the liberal consideration of the gents. of the committee, whether, after the festival is concluded, they ought not, in strict justice to make an *additional* allowance to him in proportion to the additional duty required of him beyond what was demanded of Signor Dragonetti at the former festival, for which the gents. of the committee paid him *fifty guineas.*

"July 9, 1840, 9, Pantom-street, Haymarket."

This we take to be unequivocal testimony to Signor Dragonetti's acceptance of the engagement at fifty guineas, and since no supposable ingenuity can justify a further demand *after* such an acceptance, we do not think any of the subsequent correspondence worth inserting in our pages. The whole affair is the simplest thing imaginable:—Signor Dragonetti agreed to play at the Hull festival for a certain sum, and then, very ill-advisedly, broke his promise so to do. *Why* he did so is a matter of no earthly moment.

REVIEW.

Anthems by Samuel Sebastian Wesley. (Continued from our last.)

The next movement of this first anthem is a short declamatory chorus for eight voices—"He will swallow up death in victory." The opening bars of this are strikingly grand and appropriate, but we doubt the *policy* of their employment in such a situation. Dr. Wesley's musical reading must have suggested to him that he was not writing down an idea strictly his own—(the passage we refer to is an harmonic succession frequently met with in church-music of the diatonic school)—but its marked similarity, as a commencing phrase, to the opening of "Sleepers wake," in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, probably escaped his attention. No well-read musician, of course, regards the latter as anything more than an *adaptation* by Mendelssohn; still, the close inter-resemblance of the two pas-

sages, evinces that parallelism of thought in the composers which, as it is open to misconception in some quarters, might have been advantageously avoided by Dr. Wesley. There can be but one opinion, however, as to the exquisite freshness and beauty of the passage which immediately follows, to the words "And the Lord will wipe away tears from off all faces." The unexpected termination of this sentence in F sharp major, is one of the most delicious traits of *expressive* writing we have ever seen. The whole of this movement—extremely beautiful throughout—is made up of contrasted phrases similar to those we have mentioned, and displays a leaning towards the peculiar constructive effect attained by Spohr in the eight-voice pieces of his oratorios, although the *materials* employed are entirely of the school of Bach. In the fifth bar of the twenty-second page, however, there is a case of false-relation between the alto and the bass, as disagreeable as it is unnecessary; and, as a blemish of a much graver character, we may remark that the attainment of the cadence at the end of the movement is, in our eyes, unsymmetrical;—the close on the chord of D in the seventh bar of the twenty-second page, does not *seem* to be in the tonic scale of the piece, but—following the preceding strain in G—appears rather to belong to the dominant, which impression is strengthened by the modulation of the two subsequent bars (the eighth and ninth of the same page), from this point to the end of the movement, the space is too limited to allow, with comfort to the ear, of a progression through the *real* tonic to a close on the real dominant, and the effect of such a step is, consequently, that of an abrupt and unpleasant wandering from a natural course.

A quintett for two trebles, alto, tenor, and bass,—“For this mortal must put on immortality”—next presents itself. It is a smooth, elegant, and melodious piece of counterpoint, but nevertheless offers but little that we can especially refer to. The little sequence-like passage beginning at the words “We shall not all sleep,” is, however, too beautiful to be passed over in silence. The eight following bars also, are strikingly expressive; the preparation for a return to the original key by a major 6-4 on C natural immediately after the common-chord of D major, is novel and startling in the extreme; and last, though by no means least in our estimation, the six bars of *coda* which bring the vocal part of the movement to its close, are eminently characteristic of the composer's fine taste in the matter of harmony.

The final chorus—“And in that day” is the most elaborate and masterly portion of the anthem. It is a fugue, in which three subjects are employed, written at first for eight voices and afterwards contracted to five. As we cannot discuss the many beautiful points of this grand movement within any reasonable space, we must content ourselves with giving a general sketch of its plan. The first subject, commencing on the fourth of the key and answered throughout closely canon-wise, is worked with great skill and knowledge of vocal effect during twenty-six bars, when the second subject makes its appearance, stealing in, as it were, during the climax of its precursor, and thus artfully and admirably avoiding the formality of a single-part announcement. The treatment of this second subject, which endures for forty-eight bars, may be regarded as the episode of the movement, since it wholly disappears on the entrance of the last theme. This episodical portion is, perhaps, more thickly studded with beauties than any of the remainder;—in almost every bar we encounter some bold and sparkling manœuvre with the subject of some grand harmonic combination. As a specimen of the concentration of these qualities we may adduce the eighteen bars terminating at the entry of the third subject; and we think it would be difficult to find a similar quantity of grander choral writing in the works of any living composer. The third subject appears with the words “We will be glad, we will rejoice in his salvation,” and is accompanied by the re-entrance of the first theme to which it is boldly contrasted in form. This is treated with consummate ability during sixty-five bars, when the fugue gives way to a *coda* which opens with a superb and massive point at the third bar of the forty-first page. This point will immediately be recognised as bearing a strong affinity to the peculiar manner of Mendelssohn, although we know but few things in the writing of the latter which possess, at once, grandeur and simplicity in the same degree.

After a repetition of this point, a noble train of harmonies, and a finely protracted cadence bring the composition to its close.

Sincerely regretting that the extent and nature of a review allow us but slender means of rendering critical justice to so truly artistical a work, we can but recommend it most heartily to all lovers of genuine music, and add to that recommendation the avowal of our opinion that, if ever again in England the labours of a composer shall be deemed worthy of more than ephemeral renown, Dr. Wesley may safely rest his claim to such a distinction on the work now before us.

We shall proceed to notice the remaining contents of the volume in our next number.

Nos. 165 and 167 of Wessel and Cos. Series of German Songs, "Gently close thine eyes," " 'Tis a mill that's yonder peeping," composed by F. Schubert.

These are two charming specimens of Schubert's song-making genius. Though both are exquisite, we prefer the second, which is brim-full and running over with sweet little morsels of affectionate nature. They also possess a recommendation for amateurs, not often found in the writings of their composer—capability of great effect at a trifling sacrifice of trouble to the performer.

Classical Practices for Pianoforte Students, edited by William Sterndale Bennett, No. IV.

The fourth number of this work contains a sonata, by G. F. Pint, a young English composer, whose early death—judging from his extant works—deprived musical art of one of its most successful votaries. We cannot too warmly applaud Mr. Bennett's efforts to provide an antidote for the rubbish which is unfortunately so generally found on the desks of young pianoforte-players.

Fair Daphne: Ballad, for which a premium was given by the Melodists' Club, 1840, composed by John Parry, jun.

Though there be nothing eminently striking about this ballad, it will, undoubtedly prove generally pleasing, especially with the tasteful singing of its composer. It has both tune to please the ear of the listener, and extreme practicability to assuage the nervousness of the amateur performer. The accompaniments, however, would by no means suffer by a revision at the hands of some one skilled in the mysteries of harmony.

The Young May Queen; ballad, composed by H. Burnet.

If we may judge from past experience, this song promises to win some music-shop popularity, since it possesses those qualities which appear indispensable to the fashionable style of music to which it belongs. It has a lively and catching tune, and is so easy that those masters who undertake to teach the whole art and mystery of singing and accompaniment in six lessons will find no trouble in training their pupils to its just performance on the very first attempt.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROVINCIAL.

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HULL FESTIVAL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—This human hive of wharfs, docks, canals, and such like components, is fast subsiding into its regular orderly confusion—the industrious natives are at work in their cells, and the humming bees have mostly started to warble over other flower-beds, and extract their sweet reward; in short, the bustle of the festival is over—everybody has been delighted, and the only drawback is, that so little honey should be left in the comb for the noble charities for whose benefit this harmonic gathering has been hopefully, though unsuccessfully, brought about. I regret to find, upon inquiry at the stewards' office, that a large sum will be required from their funds to cover the expenses of this very spirited and well-worked undertaking; a circumstance the more to be deplored, since the failure of this experiment will, in all probability, damp the ardour of the lovers of music in this vicinity, and stifle the very sanguine anticipations of an established periodical festival in Hull. This failure has resulted from two potent causes—the rancour of political party spirit, and the overpowering influence of dissenting religious

tenets—however monstrous it may appear, it is certain that hundreds have been kept away from the sublime sacred performances, purely upon rigid doctrinal scruples, and hundreds more have absented themselves from an assemblage in which religion and charity were to be diademed with the most precious jewels of high art, lest it should be thought that they gave the slightest countenance to, or evinced the smallest mingling of disposition with, their political adversaries. This is a sad state of things to record, and is still more grievous in consideration of the performance throughought, which has in no way fallen short of its more ostentatious rivals, and in one respect at least, the choral department exceeded in purity of tone, precision, and musical feeling, any efforts of multifold singing which it has ever fallen to my lot to audit, with the exception, perhaps, of the celebrated German chorus in London. A ridiculous paragraph has gone the round of the newspapers, reproaching the stewards with having offered invidiously low terms to the London choristers; but the fact is, that this admirable choir has been almost exclusively supplied by the Choral Society of Hull, and similar establishments in its vicinity, whose services have been most amply rewarded by the said "invidious terms," and whose frequent congregated rehearsals of the sublime works entrusted to them, have led to a style and perfection which their desultory metropolitan brethren have never yet achieved.

I now proceed to give you some account of the various performances, the whole of which have derived a very great share of their success from the well-known industry, unremitting attention, taste, and talent, of Sir George Smart, the conductor, and the skill and mastery of his able conductors, Messrs. F. Cramer and Loder, the leaders on this occasion. The programme of the first morning's performance was as follows:—

PART I.

Chorus—We praise thee, O God; Solo—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—Dettingen

Te Deum..... Handel.

Recit. and Air—(Mr. Pearsall)—Lord, what is man? (Redemption)..... Handel.

Recit. and Air—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—Return, O God of Hosts (Samson)..... Handel.

Duet—(Messrs. H. Phillips and Machin)—The Lord is a Man of War (Is-
rael in Egypt)..... Handel.

Air—(Miss Birch)—Let the bright Seraphim; Trumpet obligato, Mr.
Harper (Samson)..... Handel.

Motet—(Sings by Messrs Hobbs and Masson, Messrs. Bennett and Machin)..... Mozart.

Air—(Miss Masson)—Bow down thine ear..... Handel.

Quartet—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett and Ma-
chin)—Benedictus; Chorus—Hosanna in excelsis. (Requiem)..... Mozart.

Recit.—(Miss Birch)—But bright Cecilia; Solo, 'As from the power, cho-
rus, 'The dead shall live' (Dryden's Ode)..... Handel.

PART II.

A SELECTION FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF HAYDN'S SACRED
ORATORIO, THE CREATION.

Introduction (Descriptive of Chaos).—Recit.—(Mr. Machin)—In the beginning,
Chorus—And the spirit of God. Recit.—(Mr. Pearsall)—And God saw the Light.
Air—Now vanish. Chorus—Despairing. Recit., accompanied—(Mr. Machin)—
'And God made the firmament.' Air—(Miss S. Hobbs)—The marvellous work.
Chorus—Again the ethereal vaults. Recit.—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—And God said;
nir, 'With verdure clad.' Recit., accompanied—(Mr. Bennett)—In splendour
bright. Chorus—The Heavens are telling. Trio—(Miss S. Hobbs, Messrs. Ben-
nett and Phillips). Recit.—(Miss Birch)—And God said; and air, 'On mighty
pens. Recit.—(Mr. Machin)—And the Angels. Trio—(Miss Birch, Messrs. Pear-
sall and Machin)—Most beautiful appear. Chorus—The Lord is great. Recit.
(Mr. H. Phillips)—And God said; air, 'Now heaven in fullest glory shone. Recit.
(Mr. Bennett)—And God created man; air, 'In native worth. Recit.—(Mr. Pear-
sall)—And God saw everything. Chorus—Achieved is the glorious work.'

PART III.

Introduction (Instrumental).

Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—Jehovah! heavenly Father; and air, 'His soul is torn by
the torments.

Recit.—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—Unworthy mortals; air 'Praise the Redeemer's
mercy.

Chorus—O hail! ye sons of Mortals.

Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—Say, blessed Angel; duet—(Miss Birch and Mr. Bennett)—
'O gracious Heaven.'

Recit.—(Miss S. Hobbs)—O cruel death; march and chorus—He came towards
this mountain.

Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—They who to take him; chorus—Here, seize him.

Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—O let the sword inactive still remain.

Trio—(Miss Birch, Messrs. Pearsall and H. Phillips)—My soul with rage; chorus—
'Fly! away! to judgment.

Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—Now the work of man's redemption is complete.

Grand chorus—Hallelujah! to the Father.

Mr. Pearsall was in fine voice, and Miss M. B. Hawes gave "Return, Oh God of Hosts," with purity of intonation and pious fervour rarely to be equalled. Mozart's Motet was ad-

mirably performed, particularly by the chorus; and Miss Masson delivered "Bow down thine ear" very chastely and perfectly. There was a sublime effect produced by the trumpets and trombones in the *Benedictus*, and they led off the *Hosannah* with a spirit and energy quite surprising; this pearl from the *Requiem* was the gem of the first part, and gave high promise of what was to follow. The selection from the *Creation* was well chosen, commencing with that unequalled *Introduction* in which the immortal composer has settled, as it were, the chaos of thought into a comprehensive and indestructible world of mind. Dorus Gras sang the beautiful air assigned to her with a purity, sweetness, and refinement, never surpassed; and when it is recollected that her perfect enunciation of the poetry must have been the result of great study and practice, too much praise cannot be awarded to her sensible and artistical perseverance. Miss Birch was admirably supported by the orchestra in her song, "On mighty pens," particularly by Card's flute obligato. Phillips gave "And God said let the earth bring forth" in his usual masterly style; and Bennett's singing of "In native worth" was no less a model of pure and eloquent vocalization. The *Mournt of Olives* was, perhaps, never better performed in this or any country. Bennett sang "Jehovah" in a manner that left nothing to regret but the want of a little more power; and Dorus Gras surpassed even her own high reputation, in the unmitigated excellence of her execution of "Praise the Redeemer's mercy;" but the climax of the whole, and certainly the finest thing in the day's performance was the wonderful *Hallelujah*, which forms the finale; here the chorus, who had distinguished themselves throughout the day for correctness and precision, came forth with a volume of power, and musical feeling perfectly surprising; and blending with the masterly instrumentation of Beethoven, most energetically and skilfully developed by the whole orchestra, sent the auditors home with more of heaven than earth in their hearts, and with grateful feeling in their memories, that years and worldly cares shall not easily wear away.

The attendance this morning was tolerable for a first performance; but I regret to say, the evening concert at the Music Hall drew so very limited an auditory as to damp, if not cripple, the exertions of all interested, though the bill of fare was by no means a poor one.

PART I.

Sinfonia (no. 8).....	Haydn.
Glee—(Misses Birch and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennet and H. Phillips)	
—'Ye spotted snakes'.....	Stevens.
National Song—(Mr. Machin)—'The Red Cross Banner'.....	Nelson.
Aria, con variazione—(Mme. Albertazzi)—'Non piu mesta' (La Cenerentola).....	Rossini.
Duet Concertante, Violin, Mr. Loder, and Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.	Lindley.
Aria—(Signor Coletti)—'Sorgete, in al bel giorno' (Maometto).....	Rossini.
Air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Va di te' (Robert le Diable).....	Meyerbeer.
Cantata—(Mr. Bennett)—'Adelaide,' accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir G. Smart.....	Beethoven.
Quintetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Misses Masson and M. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett and H. Phillips)—'Hm! hm! Perché menti' (Il Flauto Magico).....	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture to Anacreon.....	Cherubini.
Cantata—(Miss Birch)—'Mad Bess'.....	Parcell.
Air—(Mr. H. Phillips)—'The Soul's errand'.....	W. H. Callcott.
Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Mme. Albertazzi)—'Sull' Aria' (Figaro).....	Mozart.
Quintetto—Pianoforte, Mr. G. Skelton; Oboe, Mr. G. Cooke; Clarinet, Mr. Willman; Fagotto, Mr. Baumann; and Corno, Mr. Platt.....	Mozart.
Trio—(Misses Birch, Masson, and M. B. Hawes)—'Night's lingering shades' (Azor and Zemira).....	Spohr.
Air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'O tourment de Veuvage' (Le Cheval de Bronze).....	Auber.
Recit. e Duetto—(Mme. Albertazzi and Signor Coletti)—'Colei Soffriva' (Torquato Tasso).....	Donizetti.
Overture—Die Zauberflöte.....	Mozart.

Haydn's beautiful Symphony, Cherubini's brilliant Overture, and the divine *Zauberflöte*, were vigorously and impulsively executed; and the pianoforte quintett, and the duet by Loder and Lindley, were no less excellent in their way. Albertazzi's "Non piu mesta," was everything that perfect intonation, brilliant execution, and a sweet voice could make it. Mme. Dorus Gras gave the two songs from *Robert le Diable*, and *Le Cheval de Bronze* with her usual sparkling perfection; there is no singer of the present day who attempts such vocal difficulties, and conquers them so easily. Bennett sang "Adelaide" charmingly; and Mr. Phillips was encored in the "Soul's errand," which he sang with an expression and earnestness to which the compliment was paid, rather than to any vast merit either of the music or poetry.

The programme for Wednesday was, Part I, Dr. Crotch's *Palestine* :—

PART II.

A Selection from the *Te Deum*, composed by J. G. Schicht (first time of performance in this country).

- Chorus—'Te Deum laudamus.' Trio—(Miss S. Hobbs, Messrs. Pearsall and Machin)—'Tu ad liberandum,' and chorus. Air—(Miss Birch)—*Salvum fac populum tuum*; Clarinet obligato, Mr. Willman. Chorus—'In te Domini speravi.'
- Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Miss Masson)—'Qual anelante'..... Marcello
 Air—(Mr. Phillips)—'The last man'..... W. H. Calcott.
 Air—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—'O sacred Oracles of Truth' (Belshazzar)..... Hummel.
 Chorus—'Quod, quod in orbe relictum est'..... Hummel.
 Recit. and air—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Clampus paternal' (Joseph)..... Mehul.
 Chorus—'The Lord shall reign.' Recit.—(Mr. Bennett)—'For the host of Pharaoh.' Solo—(Miss Birch)—'Sing ye to the Lord.' Grand Double Chorus—'The Horse and his Rider (Israel in Egypt).... Handel.

The *Palestine* has been so frequently dissected and criticised, that it were supererogation to say more than, that it was faultlessly performed on this occasion. With all my admiration of its erudite author, and all my veneration for it as a native production, I must, however, say, that there is a tedium about the work which has generally been felt and acknowledged whenever I have heard it, notwithstanding its fine poetry by Bishop Heber, and the magnificent chorus, "Let Sinai tell," indisputably the master-piece of the whole. Such was the effect this morning, over an auditory even more scarce than that of Tuesday—in fact the continuous performance of two hours and a half is evidently too much even of a good thing for the first course of a morning's entertainment.

The "Te Deum" of Schicht is the dry work of a clever man, beautifully instrumented, full of learning, but wanting in the requisites for a popular auditory; why such works as this should be imported to the exclusion of native talent, of equal, if not superior merit, I leave to the stewards and caterers on this occasion, as on many preceding ones, to answer, if they can. The principal vocalists fully sustained their high reputation; and Hummel's grand chorus, "Quod, quod in orbe," not altogether unknown in this country, gave the choristers and band another opportunity of evincing their high musical perfection. The scene from *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord shall reign," concluded the morning's performance with an *éclat* and entire satisfaction rivalling that of the preceding day.

The evening's performance in the Music-hall presented a rich bill of fare.

PART I.

- Grand Sinfonia in E flat..... Mozart.
 Quintetto—(Misses Birch and M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Bennett, Pearsall, and Machin)—'Blow gentle gales' (the Slave)..... Bishop.
 Scene—(Mr. Pearsall)—'O 'tis a glorious sight' (Oseron)..... C. M. von Weber.
 Air, with variations—(Miss Birch)—'Cease your funning'..... Lindley.
 Concerto, Violoncello, Mr. Lindley..... Lindley.
 Aria—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—'Parto! ma tu ben mio'; Clarinet obligato, Mr. Willman (La Clemenza di Tito)..... Mozart.
 Air—(MS.—Mr. H. Phillips (Helena)..... Mozart.
 Duetto—(Mme. Albertazzi and Signor Coletti)—'La ci darem la mano' (Il Don Giovanni)..... Mozart.
 Finale to the first act of 'Il Tancredi'—(Mme. Dorus Gras, Misses Masson and Birch, Messrs. Bennett, Pearsall, and Signor Coletti) and Chorus—'Ciel! che fei'..... Rossini.

PART II.

- Overture—Die Waldsymphonie..... W. S. Bennett.
 Air—(Mr. Bennett)—'In the hour of life's gladness'..... J. Bennett.
 Aria—(Mme. Albertazzi)—'Tanti affetti' (La Donna del Lago)..... Rossini.
 Aria—(Signor Coletti)—'Ah che forse (composed expressly for him)..... Chevalier F. Schütz.
 Concerto, Bassoon, Mr. Baumann..... Baumann.
 Ballad—(Miss M. B. Hawes)—'I'll speak of thee'..... M. B. Hawes.
 Air—(Mr. Machin)—'When time hath bereft thee' (Gustavus)..... Auber.
 Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Mr. H. Phillips)—'Dunque io son' (Il Barbiere di Siviglia)..... Rossini.
 Madrigal—'Down in a flow'ry vale'..... Fesca, A.D., 1511.

The divine Symphony, and Sterndale Bennett's Overture, were played with enthusiasm at the rehearsal of this last piece on Monday. Sir George Smart took occasion to remark, that it was rarely a native work found a place in the programmes of similar musical gatherings, and expressed a hope that his friends would not relax on this occasion; the result proved that he had kindled a kindred spirit through the orchestra, and this fine overture was never better played. Lindley's concerto lacked none of the veteran's well-known qualities; the music was as poor, and the execution, as the world has heard from him during the last forty years. Baumann's bassoon-playing has the rare merit of familiarizing an unfriendly instrument, and polishing down its tones to "the lascivious pleatings of a lute." "Cease your funning," by Miss Birch, was correct and brilliant as though given by an instrument; alas! it was equally inanimate. Dorus Gras sang "Parto" exquisitely, and the clarinet obligato of Willman was not a whit inferior. Phillips's

"Helena" is a pretty chamber song, but too insipid for a concert-room. The "La ci darem" lacks spirit and vivacity; there is a native air of the stage about this lovely *morceau* that seems not understandable away from its natural purlien. Albertazzi's song had the freshness, and clearness, and purity of a morning dewdrop, and the "Dunque io son," of Dorus Gras and Phillips was, as might have been anticipated, a *chef d'œuvre* in every respect. The concert was wound up by a charming madrigal, beautifully sung, and relished with a gusto not unworthy of the "golden days that gave birth to it." The room was but thinly attended.

Thursday offered a treat of the very highest order. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Spohr's *Calvary*, and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; but still the spirit of politics and heterodoxy was in the ascendant, and the assembly totally unworthy of the feast.

Every time I hear the great work of Mendelssohn, I am the more deeply impressed with its sublime and spirit-stirring effects, and never has it been performed with greater care and skill, or received with more visible emotion than on the present occasion. Phillips's "O God have mercy," was the very eloquence of song, and the choruses throughout seemed to be the effort of simultaneous inspiration. A selection from *Calvary* ensued; the first noticeable piece being a charming song by Miss Birch, which was encoored: the subject, a larghetto in 8-8, repeated by the chorus, and accompanied by a florid variation of the principal voice finely imagined and cleverly executed. Phillips was exceedingly impressive in the song of "Tears of sorrow;" the trio, "Jesus, heavenly Master," was exquisitely sung, as was the quartett leading to the final chorus, in which all the masterly intricacies of Spohr's great genius are admirably developed, and were no less admirably supported by the performers. The selection from *Judas Maccabæus* terminated this intellectual banquet; and it is but just to accord to all parties concerned—to the selectors, the singers, the chorus, and the band—the high encomium of having produced a measure of beauty, sublimity, and devotional inspiration unrivalled by any one performance on record; it was alike a worthy tribute to the Deity and a test of the powers of man.

The evening concert was somewhat better attended than those preceding; it is needless to add, the skill and vigour of the band were unabated—the symphony and overtures excellently played—and the duet by Lindley and Howell received with loud bravos, though I thought the latter, who had supplied Dragonetti's place during the festival, seemed somewhat to lack nerve for the present encounter; his tone was weak, and his execution tremulous—the various songs and duets assigned to Dorus Gras, Albertazzi, and Coletti, were executed with their usual force and finish. Miss Hawes, Bennett, and Phillips, fully sustained the deservedly great reputations they have secured at this festival. The evening's performance terminated with the National Anthem by the whole of the corps.

The sacred performance of Friday morning was the *Messiah*, which was magnet sufficient to draw the dissenters from their tabernacles, and the attendance was, in consequence, by far the most numerous of any during the week. This great work was adequately performed in all its departments; some portions struck me as having been given and received with unusual fervour; such were Miss Maason's "He was despised," which was most deservedly encoored. Several of the sublime choruses were given in a glorious style, and the surpassing grandeur of the finale was heightened by the admission of many hundreds of the populace, who had congregated around the edifice, and whose wonder and delight gave a picturesque finish to the solemn and sublime finale of this most noble oratorio.

The festival terminated with a Fancy Dress Ball, at which about three hundred persons were present, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

The week has been productive of several curious incidents; besides the *contretemps* with Dragonetti, there has been a misunderstanding with Miss Hawes, who, not having been included in the list of vocalists, as had been originally intended, liberally gave her assistance at the meeting, and has throughout been most cordially received. I learn the committee has forwarded twenty-five pounds to Miss Hawes, in liquidation of her expenses, and that she has very handsomely sent the cheque as a donation to the hospital. But the most curious circumstance was the capture of Signor Puzzi, by a writ of execution, on Thursday, just as he was about to accompany Mme. Albertazzi in one of her favourite songs; it seems that the celebrated horn-player was mistaken for Signor Albertazzi, at present in Paris, and safe from such vulgar annoyances; and it was not until considerable pains had been taken to disprove the identity, that the *coro obbligato* was permitted to resume his accompaniment of the *bella cantatrice*, and sigh through the mellow horn the tribulations of his pensive soul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—This theatre opened on Monday evening with the *Concerts d'Hiver* of Mr. Eliason. The promenade has been entirely re-decorated. The whole is hung with costly velvet, of a dark colour, relieved by white satin, and being enriched with porcelain vases, statues, groups of flowers, elegant clocks, and other articles of expense and luxury, looks like a succession of splendid drawing-rooms more than anything else. The orchestra, containing more than ninety performers, occupies its former position. Mr. Musard is the conductor, and from a band, in some respects, better than that of last season, he draws some first-rate specimens of performance. The list of solo players is extensive, and contains, among others, the names of Collinet, Barret, Koenig, and Willent-Bordogni—the latter, being hitherto unknown in this country, may be noticed as a bassoon-player of the highest rank of excellence. The theatre has been crowded every night since its opening, and Mr. Eliason's speculation promises to be completely successful. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the performances at length.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of *The Spanish Curate* was, on Tuesday night, revived at this theatre, with new scenery and appointments, and such text alterations as seemed requisite to the adapter to suit the modern stage. We cannot say that we think the reproduction successful, or that the comedy has been altered with judgment or effect. In fact, it would not bear the ordeal it has been subjected to. It would have been objectionable in its original form, and the incident of intrigue, which is so essential to the point and humour of the ancient play, would not be tolerated upon the boards now; but, in order to retain the character, the new versionist sacrifices the authors' spirit. The result is, that the gist of the satire is lost, the sarcasm upon humanity deadened, and an inconsistency created which becomes, to the attentive listener, unnatural and absurd; for the adapter, in making a wife a ward, has not chosen to pursue his license to the extent of altering the language of the original authors, so that the speeches of *Bartolus* are still those of a suspicious husband and not of a jealous guardian-lover. This palpable discrepancy between speech and circumstance spoils Beaumont and Fletcher, and alters the whole tendency of the comedy. Another result is the omitting one of the best scenes—that in which the lawyer invites his guests to a breakfast and serves them with executions instead of "fare." The last act is so much changed as to be just recognisable, and the catastrophe is suited in its getting-up to the necessities of the new revival. We cannot thus be said to have the genuine comedy, and what we get is not of itself an attractive substitute. The acting was, like the subject, to a certain extent trammelled by the alterations. Farren and Keeley, as the *Spanish Curate* and the *Sexton*, were, however, admirable; and the will scene, wherein they hoax the old lawyer, could not have been better, so far as the oily by-play of the one and the broad humour of the other could give it effective illustration. Bartley, we thought, overacted the lawyer, and made it too hearty a performance. The *Leandro* of Charles Mathews was well given, with only a little too much smartness in the offset. Mrs. West, as *Jacintha*, was, *au contraire*, too slow at first and afterwards ranted slightly. Vestris, as the ward, was lively, spirited, and graceful, and sang an introduced song charmingly; but in her acting, as in her incidents, she was naturally enough the wife of the original comedy, and not the ward of the revival. Miss Cooper, as *Ascanio*, gave her speeches with pleasing modulation and expression, while Mrs. Brongham looked far too quietly handsome for the *Lady Macbeth* sort of alternative which she was destined to propound. All the appointments of the comedy were good, and as it grew to its termination a fair measure of applause ran from act to act, and the audience seemed perfectly satisfied. On the whole, we may consider it as affording a good deal of amusement by the retention of many of the original points, situations, and incidents, but as being by alterations deprived of the *ensemble* and consistency which are indispensable to the interest of a genuine play.

PARIS.—Mlle. Mars resumed her place at the Français on the 7th inst., in *Célimène* in the *Misanthrope* of Molière. The announcement of the retirement of this still admirable actress in April next gave a more than usual warmth to her

reception. Menjaud appeared on the same evening as *Alceste*. It is said that Firmin is about to quit this theatre in consequence of a dispute with the committee of management. It has been finally arranged that M. A. Jolly is again to open the Renaissance, with the aid of Frederick Lemaitre as stage-manager and actor. The operatic portion of the privilege formerly enjoyed by this theatre is, however, withdrawn, and the performances will consequently be confined to drama and vaudeville. The Porte St. Martin, in consequence of the retirement of M. Jolly, has been assigned to Messrs. Coignard, who will open it in the course of three weeks. A crowded and brilliant audience assembled at the Italian Opera on the 8th inst., to do homage to La Grisi on her first appearance for the season. She sang and acted with all her magnificent powers, and was applauded with transport in her "Casta Diva," and in the celebrated duo in the second act. Lablache also made his re-appearance this evening, and gave the too little he had to do with his wonted dignity and excellence. The directors of the Académie Royale, in conjunction with M. Berlioz, are preparing a grand musical solemnity for the 1st of November. Festivals have not yet been held in Paris, and the one now is to consist of 450 performers, who will execute compositions the effect of which is not complete without large masses. Amongst other things the first act of the *Iphigénie au Tauride* of Gluck is mentioned, as also the second part of the *Alhalie* of Handel (never executed in France), a madrigal of Palestrina, the *Tuba* and *Lacrymosa* of the *Requiem* of Berlioz, and the triple chorus of the symphony of *Romeo and Juliet*, by the same author. The Académie will be expressly fitted up for the orchestra and choruses on this occasion. Duprez is to appear for the first time in *Robert le Diable*, at a benefit for the Dramatic Association.

BALFE is in treaty for the English Opera-house, which, in consequence of the indifferent success of the Promenade Concerts, Mr. Arnold is desirous to let. The object of Balfé, who has forsworn theatrical singing, is to bring out his wife in a new opera of his own. This lady made a highly successful *debut* at this theatre, in the *Sonnambula* last year, and has been since acquiring proficiency in English pronunciation, and considerable reputation, by her performances through the provinces, where, with her husband and Mr. Frazer, she has been "doing" the popular operas down to the level of whatever slender support the different country theatres afforded them. It is greatly to be deplored that after a musical famine of eighteen months, when at length a bold and talented speculator has essayed to bring some relief to the starving and neglected condition of English dramatic music, that champion in the cause of national art should not meet with the co-operation and support of all his brother artists; we cannot but feel that it would be much more becoming in Mr. Balfé to give all his energies to the furtherance of John Barnett's most commendable efforts at the Prince's Theatre, than to attempt to divide the attention of the public by starting another operatic establishment, and that, too, more calculated for his own aggrandizement than for the good of the art or its professors.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE, in Oxford-street, it is reported, will be opened with operatic performances at Christmas, but the present great success of the quadrille band seems to render such a thing improbable. It has been continually urged that this country does not possess vocal talent to do justice to a single opera, and now it appears this insufficiency is to be divided into, certainly two, perhaps three companies.

MR. FERRARI, the son of the veteran composer and *formatore di voci*, who some time since appeared at the concerts of the Royal Academy, has just returned to this country, after a two years' sojourn at Florence, where he has been cultivating a fine bass voice with great advantage. He has appeared on the Italian stage with very considerable success, and is likely to prove an acquisition to the musical talent of England.

MR. BRAHAM has departed with his family for America. It is a bold speculation even for this great singer to experimentalize upon the taste of a new public, preceded as he is by the greatest European reputation, and accompanied by the necessary disparagements of his sixty years' public exertions; yet while the Americans, with him, cannot find more than a ghost of the talents he is celebrated for, the English cannot find, without him, even that spiritual reminiscence of the best tenor of his time.

Mr. WALTER ARNOLD is applying for an extension of the English Opera license, in order that it may be opened with operas during the winter, and it appears he is very likely to obtain it.

Mr. WILSON has accepted engagements at Dublin, and other provincial towns, for four months to come, and will not therefore appear in London till the end of that time.

ROSSINI is at length roused from his slumbers, and is at present occupied in a religious composition—a solemn march—which is to be played at the funeral procession of Napoleon's remains.

LIDEL, the violoncellist, and Giulio Regondi are making a musical tour in Germany, where they have met with the greatest success. They lately gave a concert at Carlsruhe, where the broad style and magnificent tone of Lidel, together with the exquisite taste and finished execution of Regondi, excited the enthusiasm of their auditors. They were both repeatedly called for by the audience in the course of the evening after their respective performances. They are now at Frankfort, whence they intend to proceed to Vienna.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL, is advertised to be let. Mr. Lewis, so many years the lessee, having retired upon his ample profits, now offers his stock of scenery and appointments for sale at 1600*l.*, or for a yearly hire of 300*l.* for seven years.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

- Lindpaintner.—Overture to 'Joko,' solo
and duet. *Wessel.*
Spohr.—Overture to 'Jessonda.' *Ditto.*
Kalliwoda.—Invitation to dance; solo and
duet. *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Saynor, S. T.—Fantasia and variations on
an air from 'Norma' *T. Promise,*
Kummer.—Operatic Gems, no 11, La Ro-
manesca; air de danse for violoncello
and piano. *Wessel.*
— ditto, no. 10, airs from 'Figaro' *Ditto.*
and 'Capuletti e Montecchi' *Ditto.*
— ditto, no. 9, airs from 'Fidelio' *Ditto.*
and 'Lucretia Borgia' *Ditto.*

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SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you a few lines. Some years since a very intimate friend of mine had a very serious fit of illness, and when she began to recover, her hair, which was beautiful, came off, leaving large patches all over the head. After trying various things as restorers, without any benefit, your Oil was recommended, and she persevered in rubbing it in daily, using two bottles in four weeks, at the end of which time her hair came again: and in a short time became more thick and beautiful than before, and lost its only fault, a certain degree of harshness. She continued to use the Macassar Oil moderately up to the time I last saw her, and though most of her family were very grey, she had not one grey hair, which she entirely attributed to the constant use of the Oil. This lady recommended it to me. In consequence of head-aches and severe trials of mind, my hair began to turn grey; I persevered in the use of the Oil, and am happy to say it has quite redeemed my hair.

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WESSEL and Co., 67, Frith-street, Soho-square, Publishers and Importers of Foreign Music, have lately published SIX NEW SONGS by MOLIQUE—1, The ocean stands around and gaze at me; 2, Fair Annie; 3, Oh! that my woes were distant; 4, How beautiful and exalted.

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 which individuals generally find who are not accustomed to the chanting of the Psalms. By
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